

POETRY.

Take the Papers!

Why don't you take the papers?
They're the life of my delight;
Except about election time,
And then I read for spite.

Subscribe, you cannot lose a cent—
Why should you be afraid?
For cash thus paid is money lent
On interest, four fold paid.

Go then and take the papers,
And pay to-day nor pay delay,
And my word it is inferred,
You'll live till you are gray.

An old newspaper friend of mine,
While dying from a cough,
Desired to hear the latest news,
While he was dying off.

I took the paper, and I read
Of some new Pills in force;
He bought a box—and is he dead?
No—scarcely as a horse.

I knew a printer's debtor once,
Racked with a scorching fever,
Who swore to pay her debt next day,
If her distress would leave her.

Next morning she was at her work,
Divested of her pain,
But did forget to pay her debt,
Till taken down again.

"Here, Jessie, take these silver wheels,
And pay the printer now!"
She slept and slept, and then awoke,
With health upon her brow.

I knew two men, as much alike,
As e'er you saw two stumps;
And no phrenologist could find
A difference in their bumps.

One takes the papers, and his life
Is happier than a king's;
His children all can read and write
And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down and broke his crown,
And killed him, "very good."

Had he been reading of the news,
At home, like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
Would not have happened him.

Why don't you take the papers?
Nor from the printer sneak,
Because you borrow of his boy
A paper every week.

For he who takes the papers,
And pays his bills when due,
Can live in peace with God and man,
And with the printer too.

VARIETY.

Death.

Death is the crown of life
Were death denied poor man would live in vain
Death would be a curse; we fall, we rise, we reign
Spring from your fetters, fasten to the skies,
Where blooming Eden withers from our sight,
The King of terrors is the prince of peace."

In our random readings our eyes have
fallen upon the above quoted verse, and in
connection with it we would remark that
that mysterious dread of death which so
commonly animates the human heart is the
result, mainly, of education. We are taught
to regard the cessation of mortal breath as
an unutterable pang, whose very thought
brings a chill of doubt and fear over the
soul. With all the glorious promises of a
better existence, with the inherent evidence
of our immortal destiny, why should we fear
or dread that change of condition which
ushers the spirit to brighter and happier
realms? That the dread of death is a legiti-
mate result of education, is proven by
the difference with which the Chinese, the
Japanese, the Malays, the Hindoos and other
nations regard human life. With an
undying faith in the joys of a future
existence they look upon death with a calmness
and stoicism which, to more civilized na-
tions, seems marvelous. The North American
Indian feared not his brief journey to
"the happy hunting grounds" of his tribe.
He welcomed the Great Spirit's summons
to the land of beautiful plains and bright
rivers and majestic forests which he believed
was the red man's home.

And what is death? It is merely the
spirit's exit from its bodily form. We lay
aside this outer semblance, like some old
garment, and put on the robes of a purer
and happier and holier existence. The
Moravians mourn not for the dead. They
never say that a person is dead, but that
"he has gone home!" And they carry the
mortal remains to their burial with not slow
and solemn step and sable badges, but with
music, and flowers, and songs of gladness,
for they believe when a body dies on earth
a soul is born in Heaven! Death is terri-
ble only to the unsettled mind, and more
terrible in contemplation than reality. It
seems to us that there is in reality much to
love in a natural and harmonious death.—
It is the portal of everlasting life. It is
the far guide which conducts the spirit to
happier scenes and sweeter associations.—
That change which we consider so cold and
cheerless, is to the ascending spirit full of
joy and splendor. Why then, should we
mourn for those who have escaped the toils
and cares and heart-burnings of this fickle
life, for those rewards which are eternal
and fade not away? The day will come
when the chamber of the dying shall re-
sound, not with groans and lamentations,
but with the soothing strains of solemn mu-
sic, and the tears shall be tears of joy, in-
stead of mourning.

A SERIOUS AFFRAY.—We are informed
that on Thursday last, a very serious affray
occurred in that part of our district known
as "Windhamtown," which resulted in the
immediate death of two individuals, and the
wounding of many others, four of whom
received dangerous if not fatal wounds.

Guns, sticks, knives, &c., were freely
used, and it is a matter of astonishment
that so few were injured; for, as well as
we are informed, no less than one hundred
and twenty persons were engaged in the
battle of "Chiselstown," which will be long
remembered in our district.

We deem it improper to give to the pub-
lic, at this time, the particulars of this af-
ray as they have reached us.

Family Friend.

NEVER grow a bad variety of anything, if
you can help it. It takes the same root,
and wants the same attention, as a good one.
Never buy cheap seed.

How Ben Purtle got his Wife.

The very climax of ugliness was Ben
Purtle. He was red haired, and each tooth
as if it cherished the supremest contempt
for its next neighbor. His face was freck-
led as the most spotted turkey egg. His
nose supported at the bridge a large lump,
while the end turned viciously to one side.
His mouth had every shape but a pretty
shape. His form was as uncouth as his
face was ugly. The very climax of ugliness
was little Ben Purtle—what was more still,
Ben had a handsome, bouncing, blooming
wife—such as can only be grown upon a
country lawn.

"How the deuce," said I to Ben one
day, "did you ever get such a wife, you
uncouth, mishappen, quintessence of mon-
strosity?"

Ben was not at all offended by the im-
pertinence of my question, and forthwith
began to solve the question thus:

"Well, now, gals what's sensible ain't
touched by none of your purty, and highfal-
utin airs. I've seed that tried mor'n once.
You know Kate was allers considered the
purtiest girl in these parts, and all the
young fellers in the neighborhood use to try to
catch her. Well, I used to go over to old
Sammy's too, just to kinder look on, you
know, and cast a sheep's eye at Kate. But
marse sakes! I had no more thought that
I could get Kate than a Jerusalem cricket
could hide in the hair that wasn't on old
Sammy's head—no sirce. But still I
couldn't help going, an' my heart would
kinder flutter, and my eyes would burn all
over, whenever I'd go to talk with Katy.

And one day when Kate sorter made fun
of me like, it almost killed me sure; I went
home with something like a rock jostling
about in my breast, and declared I'd hang
myself with the first plow line I found."

"Did you hang yourself?"

"No; daddy blazed out to me for not
taking old Ball to the pasture in the morn-
ing, and scared me so that I forgot it."

"Go on," said I, seeing Ben pause with
apparent regret that he had not executed
his vow.

"Well, so one Monday morning—I
reckon it was a year after that hanging
scrape—I got up and scraped my face with
daddy's old razor; and put on my new cop-
per britches, and a new linsy coat mammy
had dyed with sassafras bark, and went
over to Uncle Sammy's. Now, I'd got to
loving Kate like all creation, but I never
cheaped to anybody about my feelings.—
But I knowed I was on the right side of
the old folks."

"Well, now, ain't it queer," continued
Ben, "How a feller will feel sometimes?
Something seemed to say as I went along,
'Ben Purtle, this is a great day for you,'
and then my heart jumped and fluttered
like a jay bird in a trap. And when I got
there and seed Kate with her new checked
homespun frock on, I raily thought I should
take the blind staggers, anyhow."

Ben paused again to brush the fog from
his eyes, and then continued:

"Well, I found the order of the day,
was to go muscadine hunting. Jo Sharp
and his two sisters, and Jim Bowles was
there. I'd knowed a long time that Sharp
was right after Kate, and I hated him worse
than a hog hates to find his way out of a
tater patch; but I didn't let on. Sharp
had on white britches and fine shoes, and
broadcloth overcoat, but every body knowed
he wasn't worth a red cent. He walked
with Kate and you ought to have seen the
airs he put on. It was 'Miss Kate' this,
and 'Miss Kate' that, and all such non-
sense. After a while we come near a
slough whar we had to cross on a log, and
I'd a notion to push the sassy good-for-
nothing feller into the water."

"Why didn't you?"

"Stop, never mind," said Ben, giving
me a nudge, "Providence done all up
brown. Nothing must do but Joe Sharp
must lead Miss Kate across fast. He
jumped on the log in high glee and took
Kate's hand, and they put off. Just as
they had got half way across, a tarnation
big ball frog jumped off into the water—
you know how they holler—'Snakes!'—
screamed the fool, and knocked Kate off up
to her waist in the nasty, black, muddy
water. And what d'ye think he done?—
Why he run backwards and forwards, a hol-
lerin' for a pole to help 'em out of the water.
Kate looked at me, and I couldn't stand it
no longer. Our chuck I hiven feet from
the bank at the first jump, and Kate
out of there in no time. And d'ye sakes
the scamp didn't come up after we'd go
out, and said: 'Ar you hurt, Miss Kate?'
My dander was up. I couldn't stand
it; I cotched him by the seat of his white
britches and his coat collar, and gin him a
toss. Maybe he didn't go clear under
when he hit the water. I didn't see him
out. Me and Kate put for the house.—
When we started off, Kate said:
'Ben, just let me hold on to your arm, I
kinder feel sorter weak.'

Great Jiminy! I felt so queer when she
took hold. I tried to say something nice,
but my drotted mouth would not go off, no
how. But I felt as strong as an elephant,
and helped Kate along. Bimeby Kate
said:

"Ben, that Joe Sharp's a good for noth-
ing, sneaking cowardly nobody; if he ever
puts his head inside of our house again, I'll
souse him with dish-water sure."

I tried to say something again, but hang
the luck, I couldn't say nothing, but
squeezed Kate's hand, and sighed like a
cranky bellows.

When we'd got clean out of sight of the
others, Kate says:

"Ben, I feel that you are my protector,
and believe daddy's right when he says
you're worth all the rest of the boys in the
neighborhood."

Ben Purtle, says I, this is a great day
for you, and I made a tremendous effort to
get my mouth off again, and out it popped,
sure enough.

"Kate," said I, trembling all over, "I
love you to destruction, and no mistake.—
I've loved you long and hard. My heart's
been almost broken for years; and I want
you to say right straight up and down,

whether you're-a-going to have me or not?"

Kate hung down her head and didn't say
nothing, but I felt encouraged, for she
kinder sighed. Says I, "Kate if you're a
gwine to have me, say so, and if you don't
want to say so, just squeeze my hand."

Well she squeezed my hand right off.—
Lorry how I did feel. I felt like a stream
of warm water or sassafras tea, sweetened
with molasses, was running through my
bones! And I just cotched her in my arms
and kissed her, and she never tried the
first time to get loose.

Ben was so overcome with this narration
of courtship, that a pause for breath was
necessary.

"How long after that," said I, "before
you were married?"

"Old Sammy was mighty proud, and so
was the old 'oman, about the thing, and
we married next fall after the muscadine
scrape."

"Do you think your wife loves you yet?"
I asked.

"Why, Lordy, yes. She thinks I'm
the purtiest and best feller in the world. I
tell you, sir, it's nouse talking; highfalutin
airs, and quality dressing, and cologne, and
such things, ain't gwine to go down with
sensible gals, sure."

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—Some true heart
has given expression to its generous nature,
in the following beautiful, noble sentiment:

Never desert a friend, when enemies
gather around him—when sickness falls on
the heart—when the world is dark and
cheerless—is the time to try a true friend.
They who turn from the scene of distress
betray their hypocrisy, and prove that in-
terest only moves them. If you have a
friend who loves you and studies your in-
terest and happiness, be sure to sustain him
in adversity. Let him feel that his former
kindness is appreciated, and that his love
is not thrown away. Real fidelity may be
rare; but it exists in the heart. Who has
not seen and felt its power? They deny
its worth and power who have never loved
a friend, or labored to make a friend happy.

THE SEX GROWING COOL.—One of the most
interesting theories of modern physical
science is concerning the gradual cooling of
the sun, the fact being demonstrated that if
it cools at the cooling rate of water, it would,
since the six thousand years of human history,
have lost a heat equivalent to four times
the temperature of red hot iron. This must,
of course, have affected the temperature of
the earth to some extent. The sun, indeed
need not be much hotter than melted iron to
send us the heat we have. The distinguished
French astronomer, Arago, has shown, by
application of the principles of optics respect-
ing the polarization of light, that the sun is
a red-hot ball, but that it is surrounded by
an atmosphere of flame, through spots in
which we occasionally see the sun's dark
body. The sun, then, is not incandescent,
and the comet shine by light reflected from
it. How the sun derives its supply of heat-
ing materials will perhaps never be ascertain-
ed.

A SAD CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—The Ad-
dison (N. Y.) Advertiser, of the 10th instant,
says:

A gentleman by the name of Wise, living
at Hammondsport, in this county, was last
Wednesday attacked with hydrophobia. It
appears that last year, in the month of Octo-
ber, Mr. Wise was in Buffalo, and was attack-
ed, together with two other gentlemen, who
have since died, by a mad dog, which bit him
just above the knee. He had partially for-
gotten the occurrence, until the fore part of last
week, when he was very seriously attacked
with the symptoms of hydrophobia, and on
Wednesday was a raving mad-man. All
hopes of his recovery have been given up.—
Mr. W. has a large circle of acquaintances,
who greatly grieve at this sad occurrence.

A NOVELTY in feminine costume, more
startling and revolutionary than the red
petticoat, made its appearance in Broadway
on Wednesday. We refer to scarlet trow-
sers cut, as far as a casual observer could
judge, altogether a la Turque, buttoned
closely around the ankle, and producing a
very brilliant and impressive effect.—
Whether it is an imported fashion, inven-
ted like crinoline by an Empress, or like the
Balmoral petticoat by a queen, or whether
like the Bloomer it is a creation of native
genius, in our ignorance on such subjects
we are totally unable to say. But we can
testify to the combination of Oriental mag-
nificence with Occidental comfort by which
this particular pair of flamingoes seemed to
be characterized; and to the grace with
which, by an elevation of sundry other gar-
ments rendered necessary from the muddy
condition of the streets, they were jauntily
displayed. Will this new mode meet with
general adoption? This is a question which
it were useless to answer. Who can tell
what will be or what will not be the next
direction of capacious fashion?

F. N. Y. Tribune.

FEMALE SUASION.—"BEAT EXCEP-
TIONAL AT CUYAHOGA FALLS." A corres-
pondent writes us that the citizens of Cuy-
ahoga Falls were last Saturday surprised
by the sudden appearance in the street of
some forty "female women," armed with
axes, hatchets, hammers, &c. The curi-
ously armed and equipped females imme-
diately proceeded to the saloon over the
post office—the doors of which were barred
against them. They demanded admission,
and whatever of the ardent the premises
contained. Both requests were denied.—
But as "Hell hath no fury like a woman
(s) cornered," they soon chopped the doors
down, and made a complete wreck of the
establishment. They then marched to the
other saloon and soon mingled several bar-
rels of "Lawdy's best" with the waters of
the dark rolling Cuyahoga. At the hotel
the Amazons met with rather a warm re-
ception—a plentiful sprinkling of hot and
cold water, keeping them at bay for some
time. However, they effected an entrance,
but spared the landlord's ale on his prom-
ising to sell no more.

FASHIONABLE WOMEN.—"Read the biog-
raphies of our great and good men and
women," says an exchange, "not one of them
had a fashionable mother. They nearly all
sprung from plain, strong minded women,
who had as little to do with fashions as with
the changing of clouds."

"Deliver Us from Evil."

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

"Deliver us from Evil," Heavenly Father;
It still besets us whereso'er we go!
Bid the bright rays of revelation gather,
To light the darkness in our way of woe!
Remove the sin that stains our souls—forever!
Our doubts dispel—our confidence restore!
Write thy forgiveness on our hearts, and never
Let us in vain petition for it more.

Release us from the sorrows that attend us!
Our nerves are torn—at every vein we bleed!
Almighty Parent! with thy strength befriend us!
Else we are helpless in our time of need!
Sustain us, Lord, with thy pure holy Spirit!
New vigor give to Nature's faltering frame;
And, at life's close, permit us to inherit
The hope that's promised in the Saviour's name.

What Men Talk About.

BY A LADY.

That men can talk and do talk well, is as
true, and as generously acknowledged by
their natural friends, the opposite sex, as that
they sometimes talk foolishly and too much.
In the first place; what do they talk much
about. Firstly—Politics. Secondly—Horses.
Thirdly—Women.

Now, the first is their natural element,
and feeling at home in it, of course they talk
well. Men, as well as women, are known
to possess tongues, and when once that little
member is let loose on this, their darling sub-
ject, it is very difficult to draw the rein tight
enough to stop it. This is all very well at
proper seasons, and in proper places; but
we have often been one of a company of some
half dozen men, and as many women, when
the conversation was expected to be general
and interesting to both sexes. Was it so?
Let me tell you. The men, after making
their bows on entering, collected in a group
in the most obscure corner of the room, and
immediately began a discussion on the affairs
of the nation, leaving the poor, deserted wo-
men, standing or sitting under the full glare
of the gas lights, looking foolish enough.—
They must now start some subject, or solace
themselves with the few words they can catch
such as "Douglass, Utah, Buchanan, Le-
compton, Nebraska," &c., &c. Women are
not expected to take a part in this conversa-
tion, and must not show the annoyance they
can command for the long discussion to come
to a close. "I have hopes!" nothing will stop
those "small members," until the refresh-
ments are brought in, and even then, "Kan-
sas" and "Administration" will be heard
much more frequently than is pleasant to the
hostess or her female visitors.

Is this right? Is it proper? Would it
not, at least, be more polite to converse on
subjects of general interest, or if politics must
be the theme, invite the women to take a part
in it? Women, as well as men, read the
papers in these days, and are better posted
upon such matters than men are aware of,
but they would be put down at once as "strong
minded women," (a term of reproach,) if they
dared to express the interest they feel.

Horses! What will not men say about
horses! A woman may ride well, and be
admired for the accomplishment; she may
even own a horse, but she must not talk of
them. Let a party of men and women be
seated in a carriage for a drive; the horses
start off on a brisk trot, and off go the men's
tongues at the same moment in praise of
their favorite animal. "Fine gait, neat
limbs, long wind," &c., &c., is all that can be
heard for the first mile, and then follow an-
ecdotes of all the horses they have ever own-
ed, driven or read of. The women in the
meantime, must not utter a word no matter
how much they are interested. It would
appear "so masculine" for them to know
anything about horses; they might perhaps
venture to remark that it had "pretty ears,"
but to know that a horse had legs would be
horrid. So the men talk horse, and the wo-
men enjoy the ride, if they can.

We do not expect, nor do we wish, men to
be those "faithless monsters" whom the world
now or saw; still would it not be as sensible
for them to talk in our presence on such sub-
jects as they wish and expect us to take an
interest in?

The other day, a husband, who is very kind
and attentive, brought to the door a horse for
his wife to ride.

"My dear," said she, "I do not like the
looks of that animal; his ears are too close
together, and his eyes are too glassy."

"What do you know about horses?" was
the gaff question, meant as a reply.

The lady mounted without another word,
but they had not proceeded far before the
husband was glad to see his wife safely de-
posited in a soft mud hole while the vicious
animal ran headlong down a steep hill, fling-
ing his heels in defiance at his pursuers.

Women. Men, when with women, do not
talk much on this subject, but groups of men,
or more often, two, speculate on the great
subject. They can tell wonderful tales of the
vanity, deceit and frailty of woman, and if
you believed all they said, you might think
the "weaker sex" weak indeed. Far be it
from our intention to say that no men talk
better. The image of many a beloved father,
or many a good husband, many an attractive
and so admirable man rises up to silence
such an assertion. But we believe it
not unfair to say that men do, at times, talk
rather too much on certain subjects, and par-
ticularly foolish are their remarks on women.

Our greatest consolation is that they do not
mean half they say; and of this we are assur-
ed by the efforts they make to gain the con-
fidence of the sex they so often decry.

Man is undoubtedly the king of the world,
and if he would have a consort worthy of him,
he should strive to raise her to his own level,
by introducing in her presence such topics
as are suited to her taste and capacity; for
there is no surer way of making women en-
vious, flippant and deceitful, than to talk as
they were so. Men find out very readily
what's most becoming to their lady friends,
and in a proper manner; let them also, as un-
doubtedly they will, find out what is most so in
conversation.

We may be severely criticised for ventur-
ing these few remarks, but firmly trusting in
the well known gallantry of our superiors, we
hope they may not take kindly the hints
we give them.

mournful joy while standing by the earth bed
of lost little ones? Mournful because a sweet
treasure is taken away—joyful because that
precious jewel glitters in the diadem of the
Redeemer.

NO MAN CAN BORROW HIMSELF OUT
OF DEBT.—If you wish for relief you must
work for it—economise for it; you must
make more and spend less than you did
when you were running in debt; you must
wear homespun instead of broadcloth; drink
water instead of champagne, and rise at
four instead of seven. Industry, frugality,
economy—these are the handmaids of
wealth, and the sure sources of relief. A
dollar earned is worth ten borrowed, and
a dollar saved is better than forty times its
amount in useless gewgaw. Try our scheme
and see if it is not worth a thousand banks
and valuation laws.

"ONLY HAD FAITH."—A friendly corres-
pondent writing from Washington, Pa., says:

Like most other small towns, we have here
a "colored church," where many amusing
things are said, highly exhilarating to the
spirits of the few who occasionally visit the
"Hayti" meeting house. "Hayti" is the
name given to that part of our town where
"passions of color" reside. One winter even-
ing, when the colored preacher was in the
midst of his sermon, making a most violent,
if not most eloquent, appeal to his hearers,
one of the legs of the stove, which had been
loosened in some way, fell out, and as a nat-
ural consequence the red hot stove tipped
over at an angle alarmingly suggestive of
fire. The audience, of course, commenced
crawling out of the door like a flock of black
sheep. But the preacher was equal to the
occasion. Addressing one of his prominent
members, he cried out:

"Pick up de stove, Brudder Bolah! pick
up de stove! Only hab faith—de Lor' won't
let him burn you!"

Poor Brother Bolah had unfortunately too
much faith, and immediately seized it, all
glowing as it was. But no sooner had his
fingers come in contact with the fervent iron,
than he dropped it again, and dancing around
on one foot, blowing his skinless fingers, he
exclaimed with all the energy he could throw
into his voice:

"De debil he won't! de debil he won't!"

WALKING.—On the utility of bodily ex-
ercise as a preservative of health, a writer in a
London periodical lays it down as positive
that "walking is the perfect exercise for the
human body; every artery from the heart to
the extremities propels the blood quicker and
more equally in walking than any other out-
door exercise. The blood is down from the
head and upper parts, where it is most slow
and languid, and is circulated with rapidity
to every part."

The ex-president of the Conundrum Club
perpetrates another atrocity, viz: "What is
that which no man wants, which if any has
he would not part with for untold wealth?"
Answer—"A bald head."

A SECRET FOR LEGISLATORS.—An old
member of the Pennsylvania Legislature,
who maintained his seat and popularity for
a number of years, always voted "no"
when a vote was recorded—"for," said he,
when asked his reasons, "when a good law
passes, no one looks for the yeas and nays
on it—when a bad one does, they always
do."

A RURAL poet, in describing his lady-love,
says: "She is graceful as a water-lily, while
her breath is like an armful of clover." That
poet's case is certainly approaching a crisis.

"I say, Sambo, can you answer dis conun-
dram? Suppose I gibe you a bottle of whis-
ky corked shut wid a cork; how would you
get the whiskey out widout pullin' de cork or
breakin' de bottle?" "I gibs dat up," "Why
push de cork in. Yah, yah, nigger, I's got
yer."

Coroner's Sale.

BY virtue of a fi. fa. to me directed, I will
sell before the Court House, within the legal
hours of sale, on Saturday in April next, 100
acres of land more or less, lying on branches of
Little River, adjoining lands of L. N. Robins,
E. B. Benson and others, levied on as the prop-
erty of John Hammett, at the suit of L. C. & W.
N. Craig. Terms cash.

March 5, 1858 33 ts

State of South Carolina,

IN EQUITY—PICKENS.

GUARDIANS, Trustees, Committees and Re-
ceivers, who have bonds in the Commission-
er's office, and persons who have sold property
under the order of the Court of Equity, are her-
eby notified to file their Returns in my office, on
or before the first day of May next. Vouchers
for all payments out must be exhibited, together
with all bonds, notes, certificates of stock, and
other evidences of choses in action, and also all
title to property held in trust. Those in default,
at the expiration of the time above stated, will
be ruled indiscriminately as the law directs.

ROBT. A. THOMPSON, C. E. & D.

Commissioner's Office, Feb. 12, 1858 td

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of Jo-
siah Roams, deceased, must make pay-
ment without delay; and those having de-
mands against said Estate will present them
to me, legally attested, within the time pre-
scribed by law.

AARON BOGGS, Jr. Adm'r.

March 2, 1858 33 4

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,

PICKENS DIST.—IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

John J. Smith vs. Foreign Attachment.

vs. Norris, Harrison & Pulliam.

Anson Bangs & Co. Plffs Att'ys.

VVHEREAS, the plaintiff did, on the 10th

day of May, 1857, file his declaration

against the defendants, who (as it is said) are ab-

sent from and without the limits of this State,

in the same upon which no attorney known with-